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BÖTTGER, THE INVENTOR OF DRESDEN CHINA.

We were walking, a friend and myself, one day last April, in the bright little garden of the Japanese Palace at Dresden. It was one of those first days of spring, when the cold of winter is but half vanquished, and when one chooses sheltered shadeless paths such as this garden offers. The discourse fell upon the doings in China, and we reasoned much of the three hundred millions of enigmatical barbarians who people it. Of course we agreed in regarding them as 'very shallow monsters,' cunning in the drying of tea-leaves, and gluttons in the absorption of silver dollars; but we could recognise in them no quality which should exempt them from the common lot of humanity in the nineteenth century—submission to foreign dictation. It seems only natural that we Englishmen should wish to make them taste the civilising sweets of the law of interference by which international relations are now governed, working, as we all know, as harmoniously as the similar provision does on the heavenly bodies. Why should they be exempted from a condition to which, islanders though we be, we are ourselves subjected? We have learned, or are learning, that we must sometimes acquiesce in the dictates of public, or rather kingly, opinion in foreign countries, and like all new converts, we are of course eager to thrust a participation of our pleasant experiences upon others.

The Chinese ought to be gratified, vain as they are, at the earnestness of our efforts for their good, and their distance from our habitat only renders more meritorious the trouble we are taking to teach them the principles of sound political economy. 'It is not good for man to be alone;' and as John Chinaman persists in shutting his eyes to this truth, it is mere humanity in us to open them for him. We are doing so by a process of couching which, ingenious as he is in the manufacture of fireworks, he must as certainly admire now as he will bless it in some contingent future.

Thus we ran on in self-satisfied praise of the national high deeds, which we are each so ready to take individual credit for. At a turn in the walk, my friend remarked that, unendowed as I might think them with philosophical souls, the Chinese have most dexterous fingers; and in proof of this, cited the marvellous collection of their handiwork in porcelain existing in the Japanese palace which we were sauntering round. He told me how, about two thousand years ago, when aluminum was undreamed of, the Chinese had discovered this way of turning their clay into something

more precious than gold. He expatiated on the national importance which they had given to this manufacture, and on the imperial patronage by which it had been encouraged in the remotest times. Since the Tatar invasion, the yellow-dragon china has been reserved for the sovereign's exclusive use; but formerly, one of the first acts of a new emperor on his accession was to determine the particular kind of earthenware on which he would be pleased to dine. Barbarians though they be, the Chinese had preceded us considerably in the formation of museums, as well as in the invention of some other trifles—such as gunpowder, printing, and the compass. One of their museums is devoted to a collection of vases in bronze and porcelain, of which the catalogue, illustrated with engravings, and published about a hundred years ago, by command of the emperor, is contained in twenty-four folio volumes. It is well that we should be informed of its existence; for the acquisition of this little collection of crockery might be added to Lord Elgin's or the commander-in-chief's instructions for their projected visit to Peking.

Having talked ourselves up to paying pitch, we now entered the palace, disbursed the two dollars at which his majesty the king of Saxony values a sight of his china-ware, and descended into the cold vaults in which it is deposited. There we saw the eighteen blue and white jars which Augustus the Strong received in exchange for a regiment of dragoons; other vases of the same material, worth, or which at least cost £2000 apiece, cups, saucers, teapots, bowls, and chargers—in short, an immense collection of several descriptions of Chinese and Japanese porcelain. If this had been all which the vaults contained, we should have thought our money very badly spent, for the collection is very far from complete. But it is not our object now to speak of the productions of the ovens of Ki-en or Ki-un. We have not to describe the invaluable 'blue seen through the opening of storm-clouds,' nor the equally costly and still rarer 'congealed fat'; we leave these and such-like curious particulars for more learned pens.

What struck us most in the Japanese palace were the contents of four of the vaults, in which are preserved specimens of the Dresden china which our grandmothers loved so dearly, and our lady-friends now adore so extravagantly. We plead guilty to sharing in their taste, and we are not ashamed of the preference we give to the old Dresden china over that of Sévres. The very *bizarrie* of its contorted forms seems more adapted to its object, mere ornament, than the stiffer purity of the French porcelain.

It was more than sixteen centuries after its first

fabrication by the Chinese, that the art of making porcelain was discovered in Europe by Johann Böttger, an apothecary's boy. This man's history is so singular, it gives us such queer glimpses into royal cabinets of a hundred and fifty years ago, that I cannot resist giving a short sketch of his life and adventures.

The tale is not without a moral.

Böttger was apprenticed to an apothecary in Berlin in 1696. He was then twelve years old. He had even earlier shewn a decided turn for chemistry, and during the first months of his service gave great satisfaction to his master; but this did not long continue, for he soon bent all his thoughts to the discovery of the grand arcanum, the secret of turning the baser metals into gold. He was so eager in this pursuit, that he spent his nights shut up in his master's laboratory, with whose chemicals he did not scruple to make free in the prosecution of his experiments. On one occasion, he set fire to the house; on another, he was only saved from death by one of his fellow-apprentices, who, having missed him from bed, sought and found him lying on the floor of the laboratory, stifled with the fumes from an alembic that had burst. Such a servant, pale and incapable of exertion during the day, from his laborious vigils, could hardly be a favourite with his master. Clinging obstinately to his dream of wealth, but wearied out with the reproaches which his master, and still more his master's wife, showered upon him, Böttger at last ran away. After three weeks' hiding in the suburbs of Berlin, urged by hunger, this time not a bad counsellor, he begged forgiveness, promised amendment, and returned to his situation. This was in 1699, when he was only fifteen.

Before going further, we may remind our reader that the belief in alchemy, universal in the middle ages, was still very generally entertained at this time. This consideration may excuse Böttger and the two kings, whom we shall presently see on the eve of fighting for the custody of his person. At the dawn of science, the transmutation of metals was the one object to which the learned directed their researches, and wonderful stories were told of the few sages who had discovered the secret. Raymond Lully is said to have transmuted 50,000 pounds of lead into gold for Edward I. of England. Said I nay, we have tangible proof that he really did so, for the first rose-nobles were coined with this very metal. The medalists of the British Museum, men well skilled in tests, will assure the incredulous reader that the Edward I. nobles are of the purest gold. The electors of Saxony, rich as they were in silver, had for several generations spent large sums in endeavouring to transmute it into gold; and some of them had not disdained to work at the furnace themselves.

We have seen Böttger return, penitent with forced fasting, to his master's shop. The amendment he had promised did not last long, and he soon betook himself anew to his secret manipulations. Ill success never disheartened an alchemist, and everything conspired to encourage his belief in his own powers. Many sought his conversation; among others, an old, threadbare Greek monk, who was generally believed to possess the coveted secret, and displayed a marked attachment to him. Even the taunts with which he was pursued by his master and his fellow-apprentices, were mixed with a large share of credulity, manifested by their eager applications to be admitted to see a specimen of his 'work.' At last, he yielded to the entreaties of one of his fellow-apprentices, so far as to shew him a small lump of gold, which he asserted to be the product of his crucible. Having entered on the path of revelations, as our French neighbours would say, he did not stop here. The same evening, under a promise of inviolable secrecy, he turned a piece of lead, weighing about half an ounce, into gold.

As a matter of course, such a secret was not well kept, and before long he was induced to repeat the operation before a more numerous circle. These were his master, the lady of the shrill tongue, his master's wife, their intimate friend an ecclesiastical councillor (consistorialrath), and their son-in-law, the pastor Prost. It was a winter's night near Christmas, when this party proceeded, with all suitable mystery, to the laboratory. The two ghostly men, the councillor and the pastor, lighted the fire; one of them furnished the eighteen two-groschen pieces which were to be transmuted, and with his own hand placed the crucible containing them on the fire. They had probably read the *Nouum Organum*, and were conscientiously suspicious as became such holy men, for Böttger was not allowed to approach the furnace. Only when the silver, or rather the alloyed silver, had melted under the bellows, he gave the operators a small pinch of red powder, wrapped in a piece of paper, desiring them to throw it upon the heated metal, and to cover the crucible carefully. After a short time, he directed that the mixture should be run into a mould, which stood ready to receive it. Next morning, Pastor Prost, who had taken charge of the ingot thus formed, carried it to be assayed; and the jeweller to whom he submitted it, but who did not know its origin, expressed his wonder at the extraordinary fineness of the gold.

This ingot may still be seen in the King's Library at Berlin. Frederick I., who was then king of Prussia, obtained it in exchange for a heavy gold medal, which is preserved to the present day by the family of the apothecary in whose laboratory the transmutation was effected.

A secret which five persons, one of them a woman, had sworn to keep, became naturally within a few hours the town's talk. It was buzzed about Berlin, and soon reached the king's ears. Böttger also received hints of the dangers attendant on his devotion to the science of his predilection, and a few days after displaying his acquirements to his master, he again ran away. With great difficulty he reached Wittenberg, in the Saxon territory, where he immediately applied to be enrolled as a student of the university. But the place of his retreat had been discovered. Before the formalities attending his matriculation could be completed, a Prussian lieutenant, with a company of soldiers, arrived to demand that he should be given up to his liege-lord the king. The anxiety thus shewn to recover possession of his person defeated itself. Rumours of the wonderful secrets he possessed were already current, and the governor of Wittenberg, fearful of compromising himself, temporised. He placed Böttger in strict confinement, and despatched a special courier to the regent in Dresden to request instructions. His letters were hardly gone, when a cabinet courier arrived from Berlin, bringing an autograph letter from the king. The commandant excused himself from acting upon this, on the plea that he must now wait for orders from Dresden; but he penned a second dispatch to the regent, which the Prussian courier undertook to deliver; so important did it seem that a speedy and favourable answer should be returned! It was even said that to make sure of this, the courier was the bearer of a large sum of money.

Meantime, the commandant of Wittenberg seems to have been dutifully mindful of his master's interest in so important an affair. He suggested to Böttger the propriety of sending an appeal to the personal judgment of the elector-king of Poland; and having obtained the valuable document, he despatched it by a courier of his own, on the same day the Prussian had set out for Dresden. The matter was too momentous for the regent to decide on his own authority. On the one hand, it was dangerous to risk the displeasure of

so powerful a prince as the king of Prussia; but, on the other, Böttger was too valuable an acquisition to be easily parted with. He referred the affair, therefore, to Augustus, who was at that time in Poland, and in the interim sent strict orders to Wittenberg, to watch the 'arrested' with the greatest vigilance, to treat him with politeness, but to allow no one to go near him, and, on pain of death, not to touch his *liquores* or other belongings. At the same time, he took measures to have the garrison of Wittenberg reinforced, and sent a major-general to command it, fearing that the Prussians might attempt a *coup de main* on the town, which lay so temptingly near the frontier.

Frederick, though the first king of Prussia, was every inch a king. What he willed, he willed strongly. Finding his applications neglected, he wrote a second autograph, addressed to the regent in Dresden. In this he accused Böttger of many heinous crimes, including two poisonings; he required his extradition as a malefactor, and threatened reprisals if his demands were not complied with. Whilst he was thus himself making use of every device to obtain possession of the 'useful carle,' as he called him to his minister, his Prussian majesty expressed the most naïve surprise at the hesitation displayed by the Saxon government in giving him up.

Böttger's confinement became closer as the king of Prussia's demands for his extradition became more urgent. The guards were doubled in the castle in which he was lodged, and officers patrolled, day and night, before the door of his apartment. Frederick was furious at the delay in complying with his demands. He was at one time on the point of despatching a few regiments to Wittenberg, to make a *coup de main* on the castle, and seize the useful carle; but he suffered himself to be dissuaded from this violent step by his prime-minister. He now addressed himself to Böttger's family, persuading or commanding some of his relations to proceed to Wittenberg to entice the carle back to Berlin. For this purpose, he furnished them with a letter signed by himself, in which all the accusations of poisoning and other crimes were retracted, and promises of favour and protection were lavished upon him.

At length, the courier arrived from Warsaw, bringing the orders of Augustus. In conformity with these, Böttger was removed to Dresden, travelling through by-ways with all possible secrecy, and under the protection of a strong escort. On his arrival, he was at once presented to the regent, and lodged in the palace, in a suite of apartments in which was the laboratory of a former alchemical elector.

The regent, who was about to join the king in Warsaw, was desirous to have ocular evidence of his powers before leaving Dresden. The transmutation, or the trick, was performed in his presence. Having watched the operation closely, the regent thought he could repeat the experiment, and at his departure, he carried with him a small parcel of the powder of projection, and minute written instructions for the manner of its use. In these, Böttger dwells especially on the necessity of the operators being in a state of grace, keeping their minds intent only on heavenly things. All these directions were most scrupulously followed by the king and regent, on the third evening of the Christmas holidays, but the experiment failed. The cover of the crucible was found to be inseparably united to the lower part, and it was necessary to break it with a hammer to reach the reddish flux which it contained. Augustus, confident of the purity of his conscience and the rectitude of his intentions, in writing a few days afterwards to Böttger, ascribed his ill success to a little dog which had overthrown the box containing the wonder-working powder.

Böttger, though allowed a handsome table, and

several gentlemen of the court to keep him company, was still a close prisoner. Neither he nor his companions were allowed to communicate with any one, nor were they even permitted to open the windows of their apartment. One of the grave seniors whose scientific conversation was to divert the captive, complains that they came to look like so many Jews, the barber being too proverbially indiscreet a personage to be suffered to approach them. This confinement produced a violent access of impatience in the unfortunate alchemist, who had recourse to huge pots of beer to soothe his sorrows; and these, added to his exasperation, brought on a fit of real or simulated madness. He had been removed, with all his attendants, for safer custody, to the great fortress of Königstein when this came on. Physicians were at once despatched from Dresden, as so precious a life could not be intrusted to the skill of the garrison-surgeon; and when under their care he had somewhat recovered, he was brought back to Dresden, and again lodged in the electoral palace. He had now a splendid apartment, with a garden to walk in, and one of the court-equipages at his orders when he wished to take a drive. His table was handsomely served with fish, flesh, game, and foreign wines, on a scale ordered by the king himself; and the cooks had special orders to accommodate themselves to his taste. There still exists a written order from the regent that the roasts should be dressed in the German fashion, which he preferred. He was allowed to invite five or six of the persons who had access to him to share his supper; and the regent had frequently the honour of being one of his guests.

All these indulgences were not suffered to interfere with the jealous watch kept over his person, or the secrecy in which his existence was shrouded. In the king's correspondence, he is never mentioned by name; he is always designated as 'the person.'

Though no longer so zealous in the prosecution of his studies as he had been when they were a forbidden enjoyment, only stealthily indulged in at his master's expense, Böttger continued his experiments by fits and starts, and had already spent large sums in their prosecution. Still, one accident or another always prevented the completion of the *opus* on which he was engaged. Yet the faith of the king and of the regent in his powers, seems never to have wavered. We have a letter from the regent to him, which ends with these words: 'Love me! cease not to love me! and believe that I shall always, and all my life long, love you.' The king was not less affectionate. He sent him frequent autograph letters. One of them, which is still preserved, expresses the royal conviction that Böttger 'had been confided to his protection by a special disposition of Providence,' and that 'God had for special reasons elected him to be his guardian.' It is signed, 'Truly yours, with affection and regard—Augustus R.'

While thus caressing his guest, the king enjoined all those who approached him to keep a sharp eye on his person. He was, in fact, in daily fear of losing him; for the king of Prussia, though he no longer insisted on his extradition as a criminal, had not renounced his hopes of seducing him from a hospitality which we cannot wonder if he was rather tired of. Spies were employed to open a communication with him. His mother was bribed to use her influence; but she was not allowed to see him. On the discovery of these intrigues, all the locks in the palace were changed; and the regent was ordered never to absent himself a single night from Dresden.

Notwithstanding all the precautions taken to secure him, heartily tired of his confinement, apprehensive, perhaps, of the treatment he might receive, when it was discovered how utterly unable he was to realise the magnificent promises he had made to the king, Böttger contrived to elude his keepers, and to escape

from Dresden. He directed his flight towards Vienna, and was already in the Austrian territory, when the soldiers sent in pursuit came up with him. They used as little ceremony as the king of Prussia would have done, but with better effect; for the Austrian authorities at once delivered him into their hands, and he was carried back to Dresden. Here he was again shut up, and more closely guarded than ever. The king, when he heard of his evasion, was indignant at what he regarded as extreme ingratitude; but never seems for a moment to have suspected the prisoner's inability to comply with the conditions on which he offered him his liberty. These were drawn up in the form of a regular contract between the king and Böttger. He was to make a certain quantity of gold for the king, to impart the secret to certain persons sworn to preserve it inviolably (these, it was expressly stipulated, should be professors of 'the true Lutheran religion'), and to divulge it to no one else, though he might use it for his own profit. In return for this, the king promised him protection; only stipulating that he should buy no estates, and fortify no castles on them, without the electoral licence.

The king seems now to have considered the attainment of his wishes as certain as if the gold had been already in his treasury. The plan which he drew up for its employment may be seen among his manuscripts. A large annuity was to be assigned to the regent and his heirs for ever, in gratitude for the services he had rendered on this occasion. The poor, deserving courtiers, military invalids, the Academy of Sciences, were all to come in for handsome shares of the benefits which Providence had in store for him.

Six years thus passed in enjoleries, alarms, disappointments, on one side; in promises and complaints on the other. The king became most pressing for a supply of the precious metal, which was necessary to continue his operations in the war with Sweden, and Böttger had formally promised to furnish him with £20,000 a week, beginning on a day which he fixed. In the perplexity into which this limitation of the time when he was to produce the gold threw him, the idea of making porcelain similar to that of China seems first to have occurred to him. He was probably led to it by experiments he had made in the manufacture of crucibles. The date when he produced the first specimens of the new ware is uncertain, but it was probably in 1708.

At this time, the trade in oriental china was exclusively in the hands of the Dutch, and vast sums were yearly spent in its purchase. There are in the Dresden collection five blue and white Nankin vases, for which Augustus had, only a few years previously, paid nearly £11,000 sterling. The discovery of the secret of this manufacture was therefore a most important one; and appealing as it did to one of the elector-king's passions, was welcomed by him with enthusiasm. It probably reconciled him to the disagreeable confession which Böttger seems to have made at this time of his inability to reproduce the powder of projection, which he now pretended to have received from the Greek monk, of whom we spoke above. Had it been properly worked, there can be little doubt that the manufacture of porcelain would have proved a source of large revenues for Saxony; but the mismanagement which seems to attend all government enterprises of this description, has from the first made it a losing speculation. Its ill success can only be ascribed to this, for in a very few years from the first discovery, the Dresden china rivalled that of the east, both in the purity of the material and the brilliancy of the colours. The remainder of Böttger's life was devoted to this discovery, and to others, such as the economical manufacture of ultramarine, which his undoubted chemical talents bade fair to bring about. But intemperance had destroyed

his health, and rendered him unfit for continued exertion. He squandered the large sums which the king continued to supply him with, and allowed every one near him to help himself. He died in 1721, at the age of thirty-six, after the prolonged and intense sufferings with which intemperance punishes its victims.

Böttger was an unfinished specimen of a type common in the eighteenth century—a projector. That he did not rise to one of the greatest names in practical science, or sink to the level of a Dousterswivel—his genius seems to have been equal to either—must be ascribed to the destiny which credulity and injustice made for him. Condemned to a prison as the reward of his fancied attainments, when he had hardly reached his sixteenth year, it is not to be wondered at if his temper was soured; and we may excuse him if he sought in wine relief from the irksomeness of the confinement in which his youthful energies were cramped. He seems to have possessed naturally a lively disposition, and all the qualities of a good companion, along with a great deal of uncalculating openhandedness, such as would have become the possessor of the secret he pretended to. His genial disposition drew both the regent and the king frequently into his society, and his carelessness exposed him to be robbed and cheated by his attendants. One regrets to see so much talent thrown away, and may sorrow over genius degraded; but one must rejoice that the iniquity which sought to confiscate genius to its own profit, defeated itself.

The produce of the Dresden manufactory, removed after Böttger's death to Meissen, is so well known that there remains little to be said on this subject. Böttger's idea was to imitate the oriental porcelain, not to introduce new designs. His first specimens were copies of the red china-ware, and were in some respects not unlike the more recent manufacture of Wedgwood. In colour and general appearance, this earliest Dresden china resembles terra cotta; but it is a real porcelain, and when struck, has a peculiar metallic ring. The first pieces he produced were servile imitations of Chinese workmanship, and in no way to be distinguished from them. But he soon improved upon his models. He found that his composition was capable of receiving as high a polish as marble, and he further adorned it with beautifully carved ornaments of dead red raised from the polished ground. The works which he executed in this style are perhaps the most elegant specimens of earthenware in existence. There are pieces of a brown variety of this ware, also very beautiful in tone, but they cannot be considered to mark any progress in the manufacture, as the first of this kind were accidentally produced by the overheating of the ovens.

The next step in the discovery, and the crowning one, was the substitution of a white earth (Kaolin) for the red one first employed, and the application of a colourless glaze to this. The vases and figures modelled in this material were baked and used in pure white, or sometimes adorned with oil painting and gilding. The last and final step towards perfecting the invention was the discovery of the art of painting with colours which should stand the action of fire. Böttger seems himself to have rendered important services in this direction. The productions of the manufactory in the earliest times yield neither in purity of material nor in vividness of colouring to the finest oriental china. They are indeed faithful copies, even to the manufacturer's marks of the Chinese originals.

With such a beautiful material to work upon, European genius could not long content itself with imitation; a school of modellers and painters had been attached to the establishment, and this soon produced the original works whose capricious graces we are so well acquainted with. The Saxon porcelain reached its highest development under the administration

of the famous Count Brühl, the same in whose wardrobe Frederick the Great, when he took Dresden, found 1500 wigs, with suits of clothes and snuff-boxes to match each. His taste for magnificence made itself felt at Meissen, and we owe to him the most beautiful specimens which it produced. On the occupation of Dresden by the Prussians, Frederick did not fail to avenge Böttger's evasion from his grandfather's tender care. He chose out the finest pieces, to the value of 250,000 thalers, and sent them, with some of the best workmen, to Berlin. He also allowed his generals to help themselves to whatever they pleased.

The Seven Years' War almost annihilated the manufactory. Its re-establishment was due to the patriotism of a citizen, who bought the materials, and, when peace was restored, ceded them again to the government; but from this time till 1816, the manufacture languished. The secret, though still jealously guarded, had long since been divulged, and on every side there arose manufactories of porcelain, some of which vied with that of Meissen. To have china of his own making, became, in the eighteenth century, the hobby of all the princes of Germany. Of these, Berlin, Vienna, and Munich alone survive as royal manufactories. The others have been abandoned, or have passed into private hands.

It seems the destiny of all the works of the present day to unite facilities of production with a sad falling off in artistic perfection. In a certain sense, machinery cannot replace fingers, nor chemistry, time. I made many inquiries regarding the causes of the degeneracy of modern Dresden china, and learned that they were principally two. The *mass*—that is, the mingled earths from which the porcelain clay is formed—is no longer, as formerly, suffered to lie for years exposed to the slow disintegrating action of the weather; it is now subjected to a chemical process, which is far from replacing the old-fashioned one. In China, it is well known that the porcelain earths are allowed to rot for eighty years before they are used: it is a fortune which a man lays up for his grandchildren. The modern works in biscuit, when compared with the ancient ones, shew this inferiority in a way which must strike the most unpractised eye. The second cause of degeneracy is an ill-understood economy. Coal has been substituted for wood in the ovens, and the intenser heat which this kind of fuel produces, acting too rapidly on the paste, impairs its beauty. There is really only a very superficial show of economy in the new system, for the spoiled pieces are now much more numerous than formerly, being subject, in addition to other accidents, to the falling of blacks upon the glaze.

In addition to these real causes of inferiority, there is another which tends to depress the value of modern Dresden china. The Jew curiosity-dealers purchase unpainted vases and plates at the manufactory, and have them painted in fraudulent imitation of the old china. These they bake in their own ovens, which are of small size, and consequently have not the heat necessary to fix the colours. At first, they are as bright as the ancient ones, or those of manufactory; but after a short exposure to the sun, they begin to fade, and the purchaser blames the manufactory rather than the dealer he buys of. The imitations are often so clever as even to deceive the most experienced. One day when I was with the director of the royal establishment, he told me with great glee that a London curiosity-dealer had just brought him a plate to ask if it were genuine. He had bought it of another of his co-religionists, but some incredulous customer had raised a doubt of its authenticity. The old director was charmed to be able to tell the biter that he had been bit. The windows of the London curiosity-shops are now full of old Dresden, the greater part of which is modern, and some of it has never been in Saxony. With the present demand for repetitions of

the old models, the manufactory is beginning to pay for the first time, but its prosperity is purchased at too high a price—the renunciation of all attempts at progress.

IRISH SERVANTS.

In our Irish village we have many specialties, but few more curious than our servants; they are indeed a 'peculiar people,' if not always 'zealous of good works.'

A friend of mine has an old, withered, dried-up coachman, who has lived in the family during the last fifty years; and who has gradually, but thoroughly settled down in a firm conviction that horses, car, gig, and carriage belong exclusively to him, and that allowing his master and mistress their occasional use is an act of graceful courtesy on his part, for which they are bound to be duly grateful.

'Con,' said Mrs Lawrence one morning, 'I shall want the carriage to-day at one o'clock.'

Con, before replying, screwed up one sharp old gray eye, and turned the other upwards inquisitively towards the soft floating clouds, from which our sky is rarely free.

'Ye'll want the carriage at one o'clock to-day,' he repeated slowly. 'Why, thin, ye won't get it; for 'tis likely to rain, an' the covered car will do ye very well.'

On one auspicious day, when his mistress actually did obtain the use of the carriage, Con, precisely at the appointed hour, drove round to the broad gravel sweep before the drawing-room windows. Unfortunately, some early visitors had meantime arrived, and Mrs Lawrence, *sans* shawl and bonnet, was seated, as in politeness bound, to entertain them. Con waxed first impatient, and then wrathful; and finally descending from his throne, he tapped at the window, and exclaimed:

'Will ye come now, if ye're coming at all; for I won't be keeping my horses here any longer for ye, standing in the east wind, an' catching could, the crathurs!'

The visitors took this gentle hint, and departed; while Mrs Lawrence tranquilly took her airing. It is probable that Con's sweet temper had been slightly ruffled by the morning contrepéts; for when his mistress gently requested him to drive either more quickly or slowly, I forgot which, he turned round, and majestically delivered himself of the following response:

'I'll drive ye this way, an' I'll drive ye no other way; an' if ye don't like it, ye may take the less of it.'

Yet when Mrs Lawrence was seized with typhus fever, Con galloped, as he said, 'with the speed of light' to the neighbouring town for a physician, and brought that dignified personage off in his slippers, not allowing him time to put on his boots. Despite of his terror of 'the sickness,' as the Irish peasantry emphatically call typhus, the old man, with a sort of canine fidelity, watched day and night outside his mistress's door, often creeping in during the lingering hours to gaze on the burning cheek, while tears streamed down his own, and he sobbed out:

'Ah, thin, darling, an' is that the way ye're lying low; ye that I danced in my arms, an' sat riding on my shoulder, long ago, when ye wor a weeny crathur—my beauty of the world that ye always wor!'

And when, after a tedious convalescence, the lady was allowed to take her first airing, I verily believe old Con was half jealous that his horses and not he had the honour of drawing her. How carefully he selected the smoothest parts of the road; how frequently he conjured the lady who accompanied Mrs Lawrence to tell him whether he was driving 'the way

the mistress liked ;' and whether she was 'getting at all tired, the crathur !'

Next year it was Con's turn to fall sick—not with one of the short, sharp maladies of youth, but from the effects of that incurable illness—eighty years. I need scarcely say that the 'mistress' paid him every possible attention; but the family physician gave him over: the priest was sent for, and Con was duly shiven and anointed—"prepared for death," as the Irish Roman Catholics call it.

This ceremony ended, Con lay tranquilly awaiting the approach of death. His mistress came in to see him, and administered a mingled dose of calves-foot jelly and brandy. It was swallowed with uncommon relish, and old Con declared himself decidedly better. 'Although, ma'am asthore, I know I'm marked for death all the same.'

After a few kind and soothing words, Mrs Lawrence left him in the care of her old nurse, Kitty—a contemporary of Con's, and quite as great a 'character' in her way. Her specialty, however, was a most unquenchable and undistinguishing love for medicine of every kind and description. No sort of drug, draught, pill, bolus, or electuary, came amiss to Kitty: her great faith had stomach for them all; and she regularly begged for the dregs of all the medicine-bottles used in the neighbourhood for miles round. These she swallowed promiscuously; and how she managed to escape poisoning, and live as she did to the verge of ninety years, is one of those secrets of physic and physic which I never could unravel. Poor Kitty was now and then made the subject of practical joking during the vacation of the young Lawrences, two fine, wild, merry boys.

One day I found the old lady in a state of very decided bodily discomfort, but of great mental self-gratulation, and overflowing gratitude towards 'the two dear considerate young gentlemen who had told her of a grand cure for her headaches.' It seemed that some time before a blister had been ordered for some one in the house, but never applied; the air of that country being particularly healthy, and pains of the chest usually curing themselves. This attractive article was found one day by the hopeful youths; and hearing their old nurse complain as usual of her 'narvish headache,' they gravely advised, on the principle of counter-irritation, an antipodal application of the remedy to the equatorial regions, which prescription being faithfully carried out, rendered for a while poor Kitty's sedentary pursuits decidedly unpleasant, not to say impracticable. However, her faith in the prescription and gratitude to the prescribers being unbounded, the former no doubt did her good; and the latter was better justified by the wild but not wicked youngsters bringing her a present of a gorgeous cotton gown, before their departure for school.

This garment Kitty described as 'a lovely gownd; none of your showy colours, your reds, your blues, or your greens, but a fine bright yellow.'

To return, however, to Con's bedside.

'Kitty,' said he, 'I think 'tis getting better I am.'

'Why, thin, I wouldn't wonder, with all the fine physic you get day and night,' responded his companion, glancing somewhat enviously at the numerous phials standing on the table.

'Don't you think I'd want to be shaved ?' continued the patient.

'Why, thin, that same would do you no harm, surely; even if 'twas only for the sake of knowing that you'd make a clane purty corpse,' was the consolatory rejoinder. 'Sure I'll call Jim the groom, an' he'll do it for you in less than no time.'

'Thank ye kindly, ma'am; an' now, saving your presence, I think I'd like to get up an' take a look at myself in the glass.'

'Anything to please you,' said Kitty amiably, and discreetly retired to the window.

Old Con got slowly out of bed, walked across the room to where a small looking-glass, crowned with peacocks' feathers, was suspended, and contemplated, wofully enough, the gaunt, unshaven, night-capped visage which presented itself.

'Well,' said he at length, 'Death has a very long face; I don't like the looks of it at all; I b'live I won't mind dying yet a while.'

And Con kept his word.

With what Kitty esteemed most lavish generosity, he bestowed on her the whole regiment of bottles with their savoury contents, and betook himself to his mistress's excellent broth and jelly. The result was, that the end of the month saw Con reigning as usual supreme on the box, and he reigns there still.

The first time after his illness that he drove Mrs Lawrence out airing, some wicked *gossoons* in the neighbourhood, calculating rather rashly on the probable diminution of Con's strength and suppleness of arm, climbed up behind the carriage, and resisted all the coachman's oral efforts to dislodge them; answering with the mocking couplet:

Slash behind—
The coachman's blind !

Con affected not to hear, and drove calmly on until he came to the side of a muddy horsepond, into the very middle of which he guided his horses, totally disregarding his mistress's remonstrances; and then he commenced a vigorous course of back-handed flagellation, saying to its luckless recipients: 'Git down now, an' miseten your feet!' a command which, in order to escape the cutting lash, they were fain to obey; and to Con's intense delight, they reached the shore, in the guise, as he informed his mistress, of 'drowned rats.'

In another house of our village, there is a butler, 'the dead match,' as we say in Ireland, of Mr Con.

'Murphy,' said one day the nice old lady who enjoys the advantage of his services, 'tell Mr George to come to prayers.'

'Masther George hates prayers,' was the cool *réponse raisonnée* of the domestic.

This same Mr George, when sitting one day at the foot of his mother's table, at a dinner-party, remarked some black dust on the plate which Murphy handed him.

'That plate is not clean, Murphy.'

'Why, thin, Masther George,' replied the functionary, bringing his spectated vision to bear on the object in question, 'I'm surprised at a gentleman to say the like. The plate is clane.'

'But, Murphy, look here,' rejoined his young master, rubbing his finger to the edge of the plate, and then on his napkin, where a black mark became immediately visible.

'Why, thin, if it is,' quoth Murphy, with the emphatic air of an injured man laying down some incontrovertible proposition, "'tis your own fingers that's durty, an' isn't the plate ?'

All this time the company were waiting, minus plates of any kind; so the host restrained from pursuing an argument in which he was sure to come off second best, and allowed Murphy to go on his way rejoicing.

'Connell,' said I one day to my satellite, 'go to Mr Jackson, and tell him, with my compliments, that I should be very much obliged to him to lend me *Punch*.'

The man looked rather surprised, but departed on his errand. It happened that my neighbour had ceased subscribing to our amusing friend, and returned a polite reply to that effect, which Mr Connell translated thus:

'Mr Jackson's compliments, ma'am, an' he says to tell you that he dropped drinking any punch for the last three weeks.'

He evidently considered it a most impudent and extraordinary piece of curiosity on my part thus to pry into the after-dinner habits of my neighbour.

A young friend one evening sent her maid to me with a verbal message, which was thus delivered: 'Miss Emily is very bad entirely with the *fleainy* (influenza), and would be for ever obliged to your honour for the loan of a music-book.' Now, as it happens that although a lover of sweet sounds, I am unhappily unable to perform on any instrument, from the piano which my eldest daughter patronises, down to the Jew's harp which has lately been adopted by my youngest son, it occurred to me as strange that Emily should apply to me for a reinforcement to her musical library; and after in vain cross-questioning the maid, I sent two or three volumes of light literature on chance to the young lady. On meeting her the next day, I found the books had had the happiest effect on the *fleainy*, and that, as I conjectured, the maid had been desired to ask for an *amusing* book.

Our county town is situated about ten miles from our village, and there is store of entertainment to be found in standing in the shops and listening to the odd demands of messengers from the country.

I happened one day to be purchasing a lock at a general hardware establishment, when a countryman, with a regular *omadhawn** expression of countenance, entered. He looked around him for some time, in a state of utter mystification, his attention apparently riveted on the counterfeit presentation of a sirloin of most white and ruddy beef, leisurely revolving in a real roaster before an imaginary fire. At length, he turned to the counter, and scratching his head with an air of the utmost perplexity, thus addressed the shopman:

'Why, thin, would your honour be pleased to tell me what it is I was sint for?'

'That would be hard for me, my man. How on earth should I know what you were sent for?'

'Ah, thin, wouldn't your honour try an' make out for me, for the mistress'll be mad if I face home without it.'

'What is it like?'

'Why, thin, on the top of it, 'tis for all the world like the face of a body after the small-pox.'

'And what do you do with it?'

'Why, the women puts it on their finger when they're working.'

'Oh! a thimble, I suppose?'

'Yis, to be sure, that's jest what it is—a thimble. See, now, how I couldn't think of its name!'

And so, having been supplied with the required article, this brilliant Mercury departed in triumph.

On another occasion, the shop of a druggist and grocer was entered by a man in eager haste, exclaiming:

'Give me a pinnorth of bagpipes, as quick as you can!'

'I don't know at all what you want,' replied the somewhat matter-of-fact shopman. 'We don't sell bagpipes; and at all events, I can't tell what you mean by a pennyworth of a musical instrument.'

'Ah, God bless you, an' give me the bagpipes, an' there's the pinny—an' don't be keeping me this way, or else I'll be late for the Macroom car.'

'What on earth do you want?' cried the thoroughly perplexed shopman. 'What is it for?'

'Wisha, don't be delaying me this way, axing me what 'tis for; but give it to me out of hand, or the master'll be keeping the whole house awake to-night with the cough that he gets no ease from, only when he's sucking them same bagpipes.'

'Oh!' chimed in a bright-looking boy, the junior assistant, 'I know what he wants—this *Bath pipe*, is

it not, my good fellow?' And so saying, he produced some sticks of a brown medicinal candy, well known in our locality as an excellent remedy for coughs.

'Ah, yes, that's the very thing! Sure I told you all along 'twas *bagpipes* I wanted!' exclaimed the 'master's' satellite, as he hurried off with his purchase—in time, I trust, to catch the Macroom car.

The powers of sarcastic repartee possessed by the Irish peasantry have long been celebrated. A genuine instance, which occurred the other day, of the exercise of this faculty, may amuse my readers.

Our county town is blessed with the possession of several newspapers, of which the most widely circulating and money-making is entitled the *Post*. Its politics are highly and aggressively Conservative; and of its leading articles, although felt by the luckless reader to be decidedly heavy, it would be difficult to discover the specific gravity; inasmuch as being in their nature utterly washy and vapoury infusions, there would be little use in subjecting them to the ordinary test of comparison with distilled water. The principal proprietor of this invaluable journal is also the possessor of a handsome country residence not far from our village. One of his neighbours is a gentleman who, although living in handsome style, is rather inclined to economise in his stable expenditure. His horses get little to eat besides grass, and they are consequently much higher in bone than in flesh. It happened one day that this gentleman's servant, when riding along the road on a miserable Rosinante, was overtaken by the newspaper proprietor, driving a remarkably fine horse under a well-appointed gig.

'Good-morning, my man,' said Mr Fussell, addressing the sharp-looking gossoon as blandly as if he had been 'our own correspondent'—'that's a fine fat horse you're riding.'

'Why, thin, I don't know; I think 'tis the way he might be fatter,' responded the groom, looking dubiously at the great man.

'Oh, not at all—couldn't possibly be fatter. Now, tell me, my friend, what does your master feed him on, to have him in such uncommonly high condition?'

'Why, thin, I'll tell you honour. We feeds him on the ould *Post* newspapers, an' they don't agree with him at all!'

Without saying a word, Mr Fussell drove off at a *sauve qui peut* pace; and the leading article next morning was more than usually dogmatic in asserting the mental degradation and moral perversion of the Irish Celt.

THE STRUGGLE OF VACCINATION.

More than eleven years ago, we drew the attention of our readers to the extraordinary discovery made by the illustrious Jenner about the beginning of the present century, with reference to the mitigation of the severity of small-pox, and to the opposition raised by our own and other nations against the practice he suggested.*

One would have imagined that at the present day all this absurd resistance to a remedy of abundantly tested efficacy had entirely vanished, and that people of every class would hail with delight a safe and simple means of preventing in their families the spread of that awful scourge of humanity, the small-pox, if the government of the country could only be induced to put such remedy within their reach.

Events have proved, however, the incorrectness of any such supposition, and have shewn that the indifference with which a *possible* evil is regarded—by the humbler classes especially—is so great, that absolute legal coercion is necessary to secure to their offspring

* This graphic untranslatable word ought to be English.

* 'Resistance to Great Truths—Jenner and Vaccination.' No. 124, New Series, p. 317.

the benefit of an exemption therefrom; in other words, they must be forced to have their children vaccinated.

At the time the article to which we have just alluded was penned, although by two acts of parliament, which had been in existence four and six years respectively, gratuitous vaccination had been brought to the door of the very poorest, there was no power to compel the operation, and no means of punishing the avoidance of it. Inoculation had been forbidden; and for its perpetration a month's imprisonment might be awarded. Guardians and overseers of the poor throughout England and Wales, had received power to contract with competent medical men to vaccinate in their several parishes, and to pay them for their services from the poor-rates; and men, women, and children were all entitled to be vaccinated on presenting themselves for that purpose. This, however, was all; and the success of the measures adopted in no way equalled the expectations that had been formed respecting them.

In 1853, a little improvement was made in the existing law. By an act then passed, every child born after the 1st of August 1853, is directed to be brought within three months after its birth—if its parents are living, or within four months, if in the custody of guardians—to be vaccinated; and any omission to so bring it, or any neglect in subsequently presenting it to the surgeon for examination, as to the success of the operation, is made finable to the extent of twenty shillings.

During the last few years, it has been abundantly proved that there are very many families in London alone who systematically evade these two acts of parliament. The penalty of 20s. is not great, if inflicted at all; while the difficulties lying in the way of a conviction in the first instance, and of an enforcement of the fine, if a conviction takes place, in the second, are so numerous—the acts giving no imprisonment in lieu of fine—that offenders live in the greatest security. These and other considerations induced the legislature to entertain the idea of making the omission to vaccinate highly penal; but no sooner did they propose to do so in the House of Commons, than the most extraordinary opposition was manifested, some members going so far as to declare that 'vaccination itself was of little, if any good,' even when successfully performed! The whole question was therefore referred to a select committee; and their proceedings have been delayed, in order to obtain the best possible information on two very important points—first, the actual success which, during the last half-century, has been attendant upon the practice of vaccination in this and other countries; and, secondly, the present opinion of the most eminent medical professors throughout Europe upon the necessity for and efficacy of the practice.

To obtain information upon these two points, the services of the General Board of Health were found indispensable; and the result of the inquiries made by that body was last June laid before parliament, in the shape of a ponderous blue-book, containing much interesting and valuable information. To ascertain the success attendant upon the practice of vaccination, returns were called for and obtained from English and foreign institutions appropriated to the cure of small-pox, from divers large schools, from naval and military establishments, and, when possible, from national archives. All of these, without exception, shew the absolute necessity of this valuable operation towards preserving human life. In Christ's Hospital, London, for instance, it seems that during the fifty years preceding the introduction of vaccination, 31 died of small-pox out of an annual school of 550; while in the fifty years ending 1850, during which vaccination was practised, only one patient died of that disease, although the annual number of scholars had increased to 800. In the General Hospital

at Vienna, during the five years ending 1855, there were 1995 unvaccinated persons received with small-pox, and only 244 vaccinated.

In the city of Copenhagen, during the year 1750, out of a population of 60,000, 1457 died of small-pox; while in 1850, out of 129,695, that disease was not fatal in a single instance!

In Prague, during the seven years immediately preceding the introduction of the practice, 53,641 individuals died of small-pox out of an aggregate population of 21,000,000; while out of a similar population during seven years *after* vaccination had been made compulsory, 1244 persons only died of small-pox!

Perhaps, however, the most striking proof of the benefit of vaccination is to be found in the return from Anspach, in Bavaria. In this city, all children six months old are by law compelled to be vaccinated, and the operation is *annually* repeated. From 1797 to 1799, 500 died annually of small-pox; and in 1800, no less than 1609 fell victims to that disease. After the practice of vaccination was introduced, wonderful results followed: in 1809, there were four deaths only; in 1818, *not one*!

The returns from other countries are but echoes of those we have alluded to, and all shew beyond a doubt the immense saving of life effected by adopting this salutary practice.

In London, within the bills of mortality, the death-rate in 1680 from small-pox was 31-39 in every 10,000 persons; in 1846, it was 3-38, in a like number of individuals; and Mr Marson, in petition to the House of Commons, says that the mortality among unvaccinated persons seized with small-pox is 35 per cent.; among vaccinated, 7 per cent. only.

Having obtained this highly satisfactory information upon 'the actual success which has during the last half-century been attendant upon the practice of vaccination in this and other countries,' the General Board of Health proceeded with their second inquiry—namely, 'The present opinion of medical men upon the necessity for, and efficacy of, the practice.' For information upon this second inquiry, Mr John Simon, medical officer to the Board of Health, addressed, last October, a circular letter to no less than 539 members of the medical profession in England and elsewhere, requesting their answers to the following four separate inquiries:

1st, 'Have you any doubt that successful vaccination confers on persons subject to its influence a very large exemption from attacks of small-pox, and almost absolute security against death by that disease?'

2d, 'Have you any reason to believe or suspect that vaccinated persons, in being rendered less susceptible of small-pox, become more susceptible of any other infectious disease, or of phthisis, or that their health is in any other way disadvantageously affected?'

3d, 'Have you any reason to believe or suspect that lymph from a true Jennerian vesicle has ever been a vehicle of syphilitic, scrofulous, or other constitutional infection to the vaccinated person; or that unintentional inoculation with some other disease, instead of the proposed vaccination, has occurred in the hands of a duly educated medical practitioner?'

4th, 'Do you (assuming due provisions to exist for a skilful performance of the operation) recommend that, except for special reasons in individual cases, vaccination should be universally performed at early periods of life?'

The answers to these questions are given *in extenso* in the blue-book referred to, and occupy 85 out of its 188 folio pages: we content ourselves with a general outline of them.

As to the first inquiry, 524 of the 539 authorities appealed to, answer, directly and simply, that they

have no doubt whatever on the subject; thirteen express an opinion—probably tacitly shared in by many of the others—that the safeguard afforded by vaccination lasts only for a certain period, and that the operation ought to be repeated at intervals in order to be of permanent benefit; one is of opinion that vaccination affords no exemption from small-pox, but only modifies its severity; while a single individual of no mean authority, expresses very great doubts ‘whether vaccination at all prevents a person from being attacked by the disease,’ and says, that ‘it certainly does not exempt from death by it.’ One gentleman illustrates his opinion of the efficacy of vaccination by a recital of the following very interesting case. He says: ‘In March 1852, I vaccinated a child with healthy lymph, and it was successful. About three weeks after, the mother of the child was seized with confluent small-pox; and a more severe case I never attended. During the mother’s illness, which continued for four weeks, I gave strict directions that the child should be kept to the breast, which were duly observed. During that time, the child grew and improved daily, and never seemed in the least to suffer from the mother’s illness. . . . The mother had never been vaccinated, and the child is now as healthy as possible.’

The second question proposed has received from all the medical authorities, save one, decidedly negative replies.

The third, respecting the transmission of other diseases with the vaccine matter, appears still to be a somewhat vexed question. Several, without expressing any decided opinion upon the subject, simply suggest that the lymph should always be taken from a perfectly healthy child. Ten have serious doubts whether disease would not be conveyed even with the matter taken from ‘a true Jennerian vesicle;’ and one gentleman expresses a firm conviction that it would. On the other hand, upwards of 500 think that such inoculation with another disease is altogether impossible; and one gentleman cites a case, in which he accidentally vaccinated from a child sick with a contagious disease, in which no effects whatever, other than those intended, followed the operation. The value of the opinions given by some of these 500 may be gathered from the fact, that one speaks upon the authority of 13,000 cases which have come under his own immediate inspection, and another upon that of 40,000 cases!

The best period for the performance of the operation seems also a matter of dispute. The majority of the witnesses simply recommend that vaccination should be performed in *early youth*, but eighty-seven mention the exact period they would prefer: two say from four to six weeks; two, from six weeks to two months; thirty-seven, at or under four months; twenty-two, during the first six months; twelve, during the first twelve months; twelve, during the first dentition.

Such is the general result of the inquiry which has been instituted. Considering the fearful fatality of small-pox—it destroys, says Mr Simon, one-third of all whom it attacks—it becomes an important question with the government of a great country, whether they are to indulge unfounded prejudices, and to forbear to enforce, by severe penal enactments, the practice of vaccination; or whether they are not bound to follow the example of almost all the continental states, and insist on its performance.

Of course, an important element entering into the inquiry is—‘What does vaccination really do to the body? Does it in any way injure it, or render it less healthy than it was before?’ In an admirable treatise annexed to the report, Mr Simon thus answers this question:

‘The very meaning of vaccination is, that it shall artificially and designedly produce a transient and

trifling indisposition; that for some days the infant shall be with a sore arm, and a slight irritation of the adjacent axillary glands, and a perceptible amount of general feverishness. Within the limits of this description, one child may be a little more, another a little less inconvenienced; but those limits are rarely exceeded. And if it cannot strictly be said that the immediate effects of well-performed vaccination *never* exceed the intentions of the vaccinator, at least it may be affirmed that any permanent injury resulting from it is an accident barely known in the practice of surgery.’

There is only one other point connected with the subject we need notice, and it relates to the degree of skill shewn in this and other countries in the performance of the operation itself.

It is certainly rather unpleasant to learn that our English surgeons are nearly, if not quite, the *worst* vaccinators in Europe, yet such, we are told, is really the case. From a careful examination of the pustules on the bodies of more than three thousand persons of various nations received into the Small-pox Hospital in London, it appears that the Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, and German surgeons are the best operators; the Italians come next; then the Spanish, Scotch, and Irish; and, lastly, the English and French!

The reason of this, it is alleged, is that there is in England no properly organised method for instructing young surgeons in the practice of vaccination. ‘A medical student,’ says Mr Simon, ‘may pass through an industrious and creditable pupilage—may obtain his diploma, licence, and degree, as physician, surgeon, apothecary, and doctor—may become, in every possible sense of the word, a “legally qualified medical practitioner”—may be eligible and actually elected for the appointment of public vaccinator, and meanwhile, may never have performed, perhaps even never have witnessed, one single act of vaccination!’

Of course such a state of affairs as this ought no longer to exist, and we doubt of its much longer continuance. The details furnished in the blue-book over which we have briefly glanced, will, we fancy, satisfy any select or general committee as to the necessity for the passing of such a measure as the one lately introduced into parliament, and we hope shortly to hear of their recommendation to that effect.

KIRKE WEBBE, THE PRIVATEER CAPTAIN.

CHAPTER XIII.

MESSIEURS SICARD and Linwood, and Mademoiselle de Bonneville must, at that critical and exciting moment in their lives, have presented an interesting study to a painter of character—a somewhat puzzling one too; for although the attitudes, no doubt very naturally struck, must have been chiefly expressive of astonishment and terror, other emotions could not but have revealed themselves upon three youthful visages, dull and blank as they might ordinarily be, confronting each other under such peculiar and delicate circumstances. Mademoiselle Clémence, in her abundance of commiserative sorrow, had, as before stated, reclined her sweet head upon my shoulder, and, attracted by a correspondent sympathy of soul, my arm had insensibly stolen, or was stealing, round the dear girl’s waist. Now, this tender proximity of a young man and maiden, though susceptible, as the reader knows, of a perfectly honourable explanation, was an awkward position to be surprised in by an irascible lover, who held, too, it seemed, my very life at his mercy. It will surprise no one, therefore, to be told that M. Sicard’s sudden appearance and startling news flushed my countenance and that of Mademoiselle Clémence with confusion as well as fright; that Sicard himself, after blurting out the

announcement already given, stopped short in mutely questioning anger, his bloodless cheeks instantly rekindling with the fire of a still smouldering jealousy; and that my first exclamation was a stammering expression of mingled apology and consternation. His addressing me by my real name must also have sensibly contributed to my bewilderment.

The young lady was of course the first to regain her self-possession.

'This is terrible!' she exclaimed; 'but are you quite sure, Monsieur Sicard?'

'Mademoiselle de Bonneville,' stiffly replied M. Sicard, 'might do me the simple justice to believe that I would not trifl with the feelings of any person placed in such grave circumstances as those which surround Monsieur Linwood, much less one who has the honour of being, at the very least, Mademoiselle de Bonneville's very intimate and attached friend.'

'Jacques, dear Jacques,' said Clémence, placing her little hand upon his arm, and looking upon him with humid truthful eyes, 'in the effusive confidence of yester evening so soon forgotten?'

M. Sicard's swelling dignity collapsed at once. 'Pardon, chère Clémence,' he hurriedly replied. 'I am an ingrate, a fool—that is certain, demonstrable. Still, Monsieur Linwood will, I am sure, excuse a susceptibility which, though extreme, uncalled for, is nevertheless, legitimate.'

'Main mon Dieu!' interrupted Clémence with vivacity, 'is this a time to talk of susceptibilities legitimate or the reverse! Do you not say that gendarmes are at this moment in pursuit of Monsieur Linwood?'

'That is true, mademoiselle, and not one moment must be lost. The agents of the public force,' he added, 'will not, fortunately, suspect me of assisting the escape from justice of Monsieur Linwood, otherwise Jean Le Gros, otherwise—'

'Art thou bavard, Jacques?' again and angrily broke in Clémence. 'Speak to us of what is to be done—or how Monsieur Linwood is to escape the danger to which he is exposed.'

An earnest consultation then took place, to which I hearkened like one in a dream, gathering incidentally, however, therefrom, with hazy apprehension at the time, but made clear by subsequent explanation, that on the preceding evening Clémence had not only disclosed to Sicard the tender preference with which she—previously, in some degree, unknown to herself, perhaps—regarded him, but the secret of her English birth and parentage; the conflict of feeling and duty that knowledge had given rise to in her mind, and the difficult circumstances in which she was consequently involved. The loving pair thereupon took counsel together, finally agreeing that Captain Webbe, *alias* Jacques Le Gros, was altogether unworthy of confidence or credit—some curt expressions of mine, elicited by Sicard's attack upon me and Mademoiselle Clémence's ebullient sympathy with my assailant, having caused the young lady to doubt that I should, as the privateer captain pretended, hang or drown myself for disappointed love of her—that Maitre Sicard should see me, if he was well enough the next day, frankly acknowledge the situation, assure me that the flattering avowal of mademoiselle's preference should remain without matrimonial result till the *soumission respectueuse*, in the matter of said marriage, enjoined by the French law, had been made to whichever of the two ladies, Madame Waller or Madame de Bonneville, might prove to be the disputed maiden's real mother; that meanwhile he, Sicard, would render me all the aid in his power to elucidate the sad mystery of which my father had been the victim; and, above all, specially charge himself to defeat any attempt by Madame de Bonneville to withdraw Clémence beyond reach of legal pursuit.

'Although a Frenchman to the ends of my finger-nails,' added M. Sicard, addressing me with immense suavity, 'I have no insurmountable prejudice with respect to foreigners; and Mademoiselle Clémence, if proved to be of English parentage, will be for me as charming, as beloved!—'

'O how tiresome thou art to prate in that way, Clémence!' interrupted Clémence, 'when every moment Grand Dieu, here are the gendarmes!'

Clémence made this discovery through a small glass-window looking into the shop, she, like Sicard and myself, being unseen by the terrible visitors. Sicard, with prompt presence of mind, hurried me into a back-room, and quietly closing the door after him, rejoined Clémence, with whom, after exchanging a sentence or two, he went forward into the shop to confront, and, if possible, mislead the gendarmes.

For me, I was dumb with passion—tossed in a whirlwind of unutterable scorn of myself, in which dread of the violent death with which I was menaced was for the time engulfed—lost! Suddenly, as a gleam of lightning, the raging current of my thoughts was arrested: my frenzied glance lit upon an armoire in the room—the armoire, I was certain, from Clémence's description, containing the precious proofs, possession of which might yet atone for all my follies and shortcomings. It was locked; Fanchette, who fortunately was from home, had, no doubt, charge of the key. No matter; the case was desperate; and whatever the consequence, get possession of those proofs I would. I shook the doors of the armoire with precipitate, mad fury—looked about for some effective instrument wherewith to break open or break in the strong oak framework, and spying a short iron bar that held the casement half-open, twisted it off, and forced the armoire lock, unavoidably tearing away, in doing so, part of the wood-work—found, after a nervous search, the precious parcel, and was contemplating the details of my prize with wild exultation, when Jacques Sicard reappeared.

'Thousand thunders!' he exclaimed. 'What are you doing there?'

I briefly explained, adding that with my life only would I part with evidences I had obtained by means which the actual circumstances perfectly justified.

'Speak low—speak lower, pray,' said Sicard, softly fastening the room-door. 'Messieurs les Gendarmes are still in the shop talking with Clémence: our assurance that you were not here apparently satisfied them: still a caprice may seize them to search the house, and—Dam!' he added, brought up again as it were by the sight of the fractured door, and the parcel which I was depositing in my coat-pocket. 'Dam! but this is grave! I appreciate your motives, Monsieur Linwood; but do you know that the French law punishes *vol avec effraction*—robbery by violence in a domicile—with the galleys for life; and should that rogue Webbe's story prove, as I half suspect it will, to be all moonshine, I might myself, as consenting participant, be placed in a pretty predicament! It matters not,' he added bravely; 'I have promised Mademoiselle Clémence to see you safely through. I am a Frenchman—a man of honour, and my word is therefore sacred. Follow me, Monsieur Linwood. We can reach my house—the last place you will be suspected of hiding in—by the back of these premises.'

'I take you to witness, Monsieur Sicard, that I have taken the articles you saw just now in my hand from an armoire belonging to Madame de Bonneville, née Louise Féron, without her knowledge or permission.'

'That is positive—demonstrable; but, sacred thunder, come along, will you!'

'I should like to thank—to embrace dear Clémence once more; and assure her that—'

'Monsieur Linwood,' sternly interrupted Sicard, 'your head is turned, which, however, will not prevent

its being struck off your shoulders, if you don't at once follow me. Come.'

I need not further dwell upon the incidents of my escape from St Malo, except to say that, thanks to the chivalrous *bottier*, I left it on the evening of the same day in the uniform, and furnished with the passport *vise* of one Adolphe Piron, a young officer domiciled with Sicard, and at that time confined to his chamber by illness. The general *débâcle* of all government that was taking place, rendered the plan easy of accomplishment; and, I dare say, had considerable influence in quieting the mind of M. Sicard averse to the seriousness of the responsibility he was incurring, should his part in the affair be one day made known. He accompanied me boldly to the office of the Messageries Impériales, and bade me 'Adieu—bon voyage,' with a heartiness which, it struck me, was even more complimentary to Mademoiselle Clémence than to myself. The treachery of the *femme de chambre*, Marguerite, I have omitted to state, was caused by the double knavery of Edouard, who refused to share equitably with her in either the actual or prospective bribe he had accepted.

I reached Granville without molestation, except when halting to change horses at Dol, where a woman's face peering into the *coupé* of the diligence—which, with the shadow-startled conscience of one who sees in every bush an officer, I for a moment mistook for that of Madame de Bonneville—gave me a tremendous, though transient heartbeat.

Baptiste and his lugger-boat were in readiness; and I reached St Catherine's Bay, Jersey, and the *auberge* of M. Jossé in safety, though the passage was a rough one, the equinoctial gales having just begun to set in with promise, according to Baptiste's prediction, of something much fiercer to come.

We rested for a while in the sitting-room of the little public-house, and it was there I handed to Baptiste the letter-parcel intrusted to me by Captain Webbe. He removed the envelope, and read aloud the addresses. One letter was for Dowling, chief officer of the *Scout*; the other for Madame Dupré.

'The chance,' I remarked, 'that those letters would reach their destination was at one time a very doubtful one.'

'If these two letters had not reached their destination,' said Baptiste with a smile, 'others to the same effect would, rely upon it. That is to say,' he added, 'if they relate to matters of importance. Monsieur le Capitaine is much too wary a calculator to trust to only one mode of conveying his wishes or instructions.'

'Do you think it prudent to deliver those letters yourself?' I asked.

'There is no danger,' said Baptiste. 'Jersey has no organised police; and French—good French—being spoken by the better class, I shall, as heretofore, pass muster very well. It is not the first time,' he added, 'that I have brought letters for Madame Dupré and la jeune belle who resides with her.'

'Monsieur le Capitaine is, then, an old acquaintance of those ladies?'

'That is very certain, monsieur,' replied Baptiste, 'and equally so that I must hasten to fulfil my commission.'

We left the public-house, and walked together to the entrance of St Helier, where we parted, and I proceeded to the hotel in the Royal Square which I had formerly patronised.

I was lifted into such a state of exaltation by the apparent certainty of speedily arriving in England with the priceless evidences of my father's innocence in my possession, there to take counsel of Mrs Linwood and the Wallers as to what should be further and immediately done in the matter, that I scarcely heeded Baptiste's remark with reference to the long

acquaintance and frequent correspondence of Webbe with Madame Dupré and her beautiful ward; and had the mail-packet for Weymouth sailed early the next morning, as she was advertised to do, I should certainly have gone in her, and not consequently have seen Madame Dupré, Miss Wilson, or any of the *Scout* people, which famous corsair, by the way, had not, I was informed, left the harbour since she brought in her prize. It was not so ordered. The gale blowing dead ashore, and which, during the night, had increased to a hurricane, forbade the packet's attempting to leave the rock-environed island; and many days, even weeks might pass, I was informed, at that season of the year, before I had a chance of reaching England. It seemed that I was to be ever fortune's fool; but as fuming and fretting could do nothing towards shortening the vexatious delay, I was fain to cheat the lagging time by seeking out, first the Scouts, and afterwards the ladies residing near the Third Tower.

I met Dowling on the north pier; Baptiste was with him, and I noticed an angry flush as of baffled eagerness upon the officer's countenance, caused, I was not long in ascertaining, by his anxiety to go to sea without an hour's loss of time, and the impossibility of doing so in face of the tremendous weather. Dowling greeted me with rough cordiality, laughed a brief, scornful laugh at his own stupidity in having been for a moment duped into a belief in Harry Webbe's hereditary pluck; and finding how desirous I was of getting to England, offered me a passage in the *Scout*.

'The *Scout* will be the first vessel to leave the island,' said he: 'you may rely upon that; and I don't believe either that many hours will elapse before she gets away.'

'You think this hurricane will soon abate, then?'

'No, I don't; and it may continue fierce enough to blow the horns off a bull, for anything I care, if it will but shift sufficiently to give us a chance of clearing Elizabeth Castle and Noirmont Point.'

'The *Scout* sails direct for England?'

'The *Scout* sails for Portsmouth, and with sufficient directness to insure your arrival there before the mail-packet will in all probability have crept out of St Helier's harbour.'

I accepted Dowling's offer, and he undertook to have me warned in sufficient time of the *Scout*'s departure. 'Harry Webbe,' he remarked, 'goes with us, but not the whole of the way. We shall drop him either at Guernsey or Alderney—at the latter island, if the weather will permit of it. Good-bye for the present.'

We shook hands; and he, with Baptiste, went on his way towards the town.

I had a mind to go on board the *Scout*, but seeing that the privateer-brig was berthed at the further extremity of the South Pier, I swerved in purpose, and betook myself, with a kind of boding, bashful reluctance in the direction of the Third Tower.

So fierce was the tempest, that in addition to being wetted to the skin by the blinding spray, I could scarcely keep my feet along the unsheltered road which skirts the waters of St Aubin's Bay; and I more than once mentally balanced the delight—the dangerous delight, I almost feared—to be derived from the sight and conversation of Miss Wilson, with the more substantial, and certainly innocent pleasures of a warm room and dry clothes; and I might perhaps have turned back, had I not caught a glimpse of Madame Dupré's crinkled buff-coloured frontispiece through the glass-window of a hired chaise, on its way to St Helier. The old lady did not recognise, perhaps did not observe me; and tempted, spite of the suggestions of my better judgment, by the hope of a tête-à-tête interview with Maria Wilson, I strode manfully onward. That hope was realised. Miss Wilson was

alone, and received me with winning grace and amenity. She was looking her very best, and certainly not the less so, to my mind, than the peculiar sweetly pensive expression which, as I have before remarked, shadowed from time to time the sunshine of her face, was still more strongly marked, or I fancied so, than when I had previously seen her.

I could not have believed it possible that the contact of her welcoming hand would have so agitated me; that the light of her smile would have so instantly fired my blood, chilled, too, as it was by the piercing winter wind and drenching sea-spray. Mademoiselle Clémence had not, I remembered, produced, under nearly similar circumstances, at all the same effect upon me; from which I concluded that my former interview with the Jersey maiden must, and to a certain extent unknown to myself, have excited a state of latent internal inflammation which required but a spark from the same divine source to kindle into flame.

Maria Wilson could not but observe my extreme emotion; and with the instinctive perception of girl-kind in such cases, must, I suspected, have divined its cause; inasmuch that the bright smile was quickly absorbed by as bright a blush, and the welcoming hand withdrawn with confused haste, and necessarily some slight effort, from mine.

By way of apology, I stammered out an inquiry for Madame Dupré.

'Madame Dupré,' said Miss Wilson, 'is gone to St Helier to arrange some business matters previous to our departure from the island.'

'You are about to leave Jersey!' I exclaimed: 'for England, of course.'

'No; for France. You are aware that we have received a letter from Captain Webbe. He and Madame Broussard—they are my guardians—insist that Madame Dupré and myself shall embark with Baptiste for Granville; so that directly the weather moderates, I shall leave Jersey — probably for ever!'

The last words, spoken in a tone of sadness, and followed by a sigh, added greatly to my excitement; my heart beat wildly, and the jealous, cankered thought lurking there, sprang rudely to my lips.

'Harry Webbe will not, however, accompany you. He, I know, sails in the *Scout* for England via Alderney.'

'You are mistaken, sir,' was the reply. 'Mr Harry Webbe will find means of reaching Cherbourg from Alderney. His father does not deem it prudent,' she continued loftily, 'that the gallant leader of the Scouts in their recent victory should—'

This was too much, and I furiously broke in with: 'The devil fetch the Scouts and their gallant leader!—'

'Sir! Mr Linwood!' in her turn interrupted Miss Wilson, and well-nigh as fiercely, as she rose from her chair with indignant wonder, 'have you lost your senses?'

'Yes, I believe I have; at least I seem to be on the brink of losing them, so duped, self-duped, befooled have I been— Pardon me,' I added, yielding way, perforce, to the torrent of excited feeling which swept through me—'Pardon me: I am a foolish, wayward boy—rash as fire, but guiltless of intentional offence—especially towards you!'

My face was buried in my hands, but Maria Wilson's gently toned reply—'I have nothing to pardon, Mr Linwood; and if I had, the cruel disappointment which I cannot doubt to be the source of such painful emotion would amply excuse it'—caused me to hastily withdraw them, and stare bewilderedly in hers for its interpretation.

'Captain Webbe's letter,' she went on to say, 'intimates that he hoped you would be accompanied to

Jersey by your newly wedded wife. That hope has not been fulfilled, and hence doubtless—'

'Say no more, Miss Wilson,' I interrupted, 'let me beg of you. I am, as I have said, a wayward, feather-headed boy, but even such a one may have a secret grief that will not bear probing. Let us talk of something else, of—of Captain Webbe, if you will. Do you expect to see him soon?'

'Very soon. He and Madame Broussard request us, as I told you, to join them in France before a week has passed.'

'In order to the celebration,' said I, with an effort—a poor one, I imagine—at Spartan firmness—'in order to the celebration—the immediate celebration of your marriage with Mr Harry Webbe.'

'Yes, it is so determined,' replied the maiden with a blush, and I thought a faint, half-regretful sigh. 'I speak unreservedly, Mr Linwood, because I know you to be in the confidence of both Captain Webbe and his son.'

'You have been informed, then, I presume, of my object in venturing to St Malo?'

'Very imperfectly. Harry himself has but a confused notion that you went in search of a lost child; but perhaps the topic is a painful one.'

I said it was not painful to speak upon the subject to her; the reverse rather; and I ran rapidly over the affair from beginning to end, so far at least as the end had been attained, rigorously omitting, of course, all mention of Webbe's complicity with Madame de Bonneville—the Auguste Le Moine and Jacques Sicard episodes—and everything, in short, that could be construed into a violation of the solemn pledge I had given, never to disclose anything prejudicial to Webbe, with which I might in the course of our adventure become acquainted.

Maria Wilson listened with an attention that, as the narrative proceeded, became breathless in its intensity; and after I had finished, she remained for several minutes absorbed in what seemed to be a painful reverie.

The young girl shook off that mood of thought with some effort. 'Strange,' she murmured, as if speaking to herself as well as to me—'strange, that whilst you were speaking, it seemed as if several of the scenes you described were familiar to me; that the misty veil, which obscures and distorts the earlier images of memory, was, as you spoke, partially, fitfully withdrawn! Curious illusion, that, were I not certain of the contrary, would persuade me that the scene below Gravesend—the flat sandy shore and child playing there, the broad-winding river, the boat with its white glittering sails, ay, and the man and woman too—was a pictured experience, faded but not effaced from the tablet of memory, and brought out, as it were, by your description!'

A wild idea flashed upon my mind. 'You are not,' I exclaimed, 'a native of Jersey?'

'No; I was born in Madeira. My father was Captain Wilson, a retired naval officer of the East India Company's service. He died when I was in my fourth year; and my mother, Marie Broussard, sister of my guardian, Adèle Broussard, had predeceased him to the tomb. I have been in Jersey about five years only. The earliest event,' added Miss Wilson, 'that dwells distinctly in my memory, is the wreck upon the Irish coast of the ship in which we sailed from Madeira. To the courage and resource of Captain Webbe, who commanded the ill-fated vessel, my aunt-nurse and myself were mainly indebted, I have always understood, for the preservation of our lives.'

'May I ask if you have lately seen Madame Broussard?'

'No; she has an unconquerable aversion to the sea. When I was *en pension* near Coutance, I saw her often. My aunt has been ever kind and good to me,' added

Miss Wilson; 'and though a rigid Catholic herself, caused me, in compliance with my father's dying injunctions, to be educated in the Protestant faith, and the principles of a true English girl.'

'Your kind frankness, Miss Wilson, has dissipated a fantastic idea which your previous remarks excited.'

'That I, not the young lady in St Malo, might be the lost child! Upon my word, I thought so! Reassure yourself, Mr Linwood,' added Maria Wilson with a gay laugh; 'your fair fiancée, not Mr Harry Webbe's, is the true Lucy Hamblin: there can be no doubt about that; and I sincerely hope that the course of true love, though it would appear for the present checked and turned awry, will soon run smooth again.'

'Can you conjecture what motive Captain Webbe could have in telling me that you were till very lately unknown to him?'

'No motive whatever, except his love of mystification. Captain Webbe is, you know, an inveterate *farceur*—Hush! here is Madame Dupré.'

I stayed but a few minutes after the old lady's entrance; long enough, however, to hear that nothing but the frightful weather prevented the immediate embarkation of Madame Dupré and her fair charge for France, under the guidance of Monsieur Baptiste.

Late in the evening, a message reached me from Dowling. The wind had veered sufficiently to enable the *Scout* to go out of harbour; the tide served, and I must be on board without delay. I complied with slowness; and although it was still blowing great guns, and the night was dark as Erebus, I intrusted myself without fear or hesitation to the well-found privateer-brig, and her hardy, skilful crew. A ticklish affair, nevertheless, was the getting away from the harbour and bay. Half-a-dozen touch-and-go tacks in that wild sea, and amidst hidden rocks, to get clear of Elizabeth Castle! Once, however, that Noirmont Point was weathered, the danger was held to be past, though the brig was buried in the sea, which swept her fore and aft; and Dowling, who had stationed himself by the wheel, came below for a few minutes.

'It must be urgent business that drove the *Scout* to sea on such a night as this,' I remarked, whilst Dowling was taking an inside lining of strong brandy-grog.

'You are right: the urgent business of making money. A richly laden enemy's ship—I don't mind telling you, Mr Linwood—is now, or will be early to-morrow, running up Channel in the direction of Havre de Grace; which richly laden enemy's ship I fully intend shall be a prize to the *Scout* before next sundown.'

'An American ship, is it not?'

'Guess again, Mr Linwood, and you'll guess wrong.'

'Information concerning which has been furnished by Captain Webbe, in a letter delivered to you by Baptiste.'

'Right again! Duplicate information to that effect has been brought in a letter by Baptiste. You must be a wizard, Mr Linwood.'

'Have you been long associated with Captain Webbe, may I inquire, in these—h-e-m—these remarkable enterprises?'

'For more years than you have fingers and toes. Captain Jules Renaudin,' added Dowling with a merry laugh, 'I have not been so long acquainted with, though I shook hands with him within a few weeks of his first appearance in that character. He has no doubt told you all about that delicious trick. First-rate, was it not?'

'He told me of his audacious personation of the deceased commander of the *Passe-partout*.'

'That was it. I was one of four out of the crew of the *Wasp* that took to the boats who escaped drowning. No other man but Webbe,' said Dowling, 'could have played such a game with success; and between

you and me, it has become much too risky of late years even for him. His "luck" is really marvellous. Were it not for that, cool, wary, brave as he is, he would long since have had to walk the plank!—'

'The pilot wishes to speak with you, sir,' interrupted a seaman, half-opening the cabin-door. 'We are off the Corbière.'

Dowling hastened on deck, and I soon afterwards turned in. Harry Webbe, I should state, was on board, but had not shewn himself in the cabin—perhaps from an easily comprehensible repugnance to meeting me.

The wind had moderated by the morning; but there was still a tremendous sea on, and so dull and dark was the day, that when lifted to the crests of the giant waves, one could discern nothing distinctly that was more than three or four miles distant. That extent of furious sea was searched by vigilant eyes, from the tops as well as the deck, in quest of the coveted prize, of which Dowling had been furnished with a pen-and-ink sketch, that would enable him to identify her at a glance. Two square-rigged vessels were sighted, running up Channel, almost under bare poles; but the Yankee was nowhere to be seen, and a feeling of surly disappointment was fast spreading amongst both officers and crew of the *Scout*, when at about 4 P.M., a large three-masted ship suddenly loomed through the thickening darkness, hardly half a league to leeward of the privateer brig. Dowling confidently pronounced her to be the *Columbia* of New Orleans; the course of the *Scout* was instantly changed, to meet and speak her, and a buzz of grinning exultation succeeded to the querulous murmuring of the corsair crew. The wind, I must here pause to remark, had not long before died away to a moderate puffy breeze; ominously so, several of the old-salts were saying to each other, their judgment being apparently governed by the black cloud-mountains, so to speak, fast piling upon each other to windward, and spreading over the face of the sky.

The *Columbia* was a splendid vessel, of certainly over 700 tons burden; and as the *Scout* neared her, she hoisted English colours. That move was replied to by a shotted gun from the privateer, throwing a ball across her bows, which peremptory summons to parley was repeated in words, through Dowling's trumpet, as soon as the vessels came within hail of each other.

'What ship is that?' shouted Dowling.

'The *Caroline* of London, Captain Hollens, last from Jamaica,' was the response; to which was added: 'What are you?'

'His Majesty Kirke Webbe's privateer gun-brig *Scout*,' returned Dowling. 'Have the goodness to lie-to, and tell Captain Hollens to come on board with the *Caroline* of London's papers. And bear a hand, or we shall have to fetch him and them.'

'You are mistaken, after all,' I remarked to Dowling, as I stood by him, and watched the lowering of one of the stranger's boats.

'I think not,' he replied; 'at all events, I shall take the liberty of sending the *Caroline* of London to Guernsey, upon suspicion. Mr Harry Webbe,' he continued, beckoning to that young gentleman, who had persisted in shyly avoiding me, 'get ready to go on board with the prize-crew. Be smart,' added Dowling, after an anxious glance to windward.

Harry Webbe immediately dived below; two of the *Scout*'s boats were dropped into the water, and one was filled with armed men by the time the *Columbia* or *Caroline*'s boat came alongside.

I could not, from where I stood, see the face of Captain Hollens as he came upon deck, and spoke with Dowling; but it struck me that I knew the voice—a peculiar one, and pitched in alt, as he replied to some sharp remark of the *Scout*'s chief-officer, followed, I could hear, by an invitation from that gentleman to

accompany him below; a request which the captive captain had no choice but to comply with.

Mr Harry Webbe quickly reappeared; and warned by the portentous aspect of the heavens, hurried into the boat first in readiness, and pulled off towards the prize. He and his boat's crew had just got safely on board when Dowling came on deck. That energetic officer was about to order the boat containing the remainder of the prize-crew to cast off, when at once broke the tempest in a hurricane-blast, that tore the *Scout's* sails to shreds: at nearly the same moment, the volleyed lightning shivered the foremast to splinters, and the shrieks of seamen struck down by that terrific agent, feebly mingled with the crash of a thunderburst, which shook every timber in the privateer's hull.

THE INDIAN REVOLT.

NOTHING seems more remarkable regarding the late mutinies and outrages in India, than their unexpectedness. How vain to complain of the want of foresight in the higher officials, when the officers in immediate command of the native troops were all of them so much taken by surprise! Nay, after many of the regiments had broken out and committed the most frightful acts, there were officers in the remaining regiments who expressed themselves as confident that *their* corps were sound—some were actually writing off assurances of this soundness, when the men broke in and murdered them. One officer, lately retired from a high rank in a native regiment, and now residing in this country, had lived on the most kindly terms with his men—visiting every one who fell sick, and receiving from them in return the most pleasing marks of grateful and affectionate regard. On his first retiring to a hill-station for the sake of his health, a number of them voluntarily pilgrimised to his house, to pay their respects to him. He loudly boasted to his friends in England, that it was *impossible* that his regiment should revolt and commit murder. *Yet it did both!* In short, the sepoy revolt of 1857 has immensely exceeded all calculations which any one ever professed to be able to form regarding the character and conduct of the native Indian troops.

It might not entirely have been so, if the lessons of history could be constantly kept fresh in mind. It is little more than fifty years since a portion of these troops gave way to an impulse as unexpected and about as difficult to account for, and with precisely the same astounding results. It was on the 10th of July 1806, to pursue the narrative of a well-known writer, that 'the European barracks at Vellore [in the Carnatic, Madras Presidency], containing then four complete companies of the 69th regiment, were surrounded by two battalions of sepoys in the Company's service, who poured in a heavy fire of musketry at every door and window upon the soldiers: at the same time, the European sentries, the soldiers at the main-guard, and the sick in the hospital, were put to death; the officers' houses were ransacked, and everybody found in them murdered. Upon the arrival of the 19th Light Dragoons, under Colonel Gillespie, the sepoys were immediately attacked; 600 cut down upon the spot, and 200 taken from their hiding-places and shot. There perished of the four European companies about 164, besides officers; and many British officers of the native troops were murdered by the insurgents. Subsequent to this explosion, there was a mutiny at

Nundy-droog; and in one day 450 Mohammedan sepoys were disarmed and turned out of the fort, on the ground of an intended massacre. . . . So late as March 1807, so universal was the dread of a general revolt among the native troops, that the British officers attached to the native troops constantly slept with loaded pistols under their pillows.*

When we ask what occasioned this remarkable outbreak, we learn that an attempt had been made by the military men at Madras to change the shape of the sepoy turban into something resembling the helmet of the light infantry of Europe, and to prevent the native troops from wearing, on their foreheads, the marks characteristic of their various castes. From these trivial circumstances, in connection with the appearances of activity on the part of the missionaries, it had been found possible, by the sons of a dethroned Mohammedan prince, to inspire the sepoys with a belief that the British government meant to convert them forcibly to Christianity. Such was the view taken of the affair by the governor of Madras, as expressed in his subsequent proclamation; and the parity of the case with that now so painfully arresting our attention, is striking. The change of cap corresponds with the greased cartridges. The suspected working of Tippoo's sons finds a parallel in that of Nena Sahib and probably the king of Delhi. In both cases, the private efforts for the Christianising of the Hindus are interpreted into the forecast of a design of forcible conversion. The results also are the same. We find in 1806, as in 1857, that a large body of native troops, usually docile and friendly, becomes suddenly excited into a murderous fury, in which all their habitual feelings are cast aside and forgotten.

If we look a little further into the past, we shall find only too many other facts helping to explain the Indian revolt. We shall there see that when an alarm to the keener feelings of any semi-civilised people is once allowed to have way, it spreads like an epidemic; absorbs all other feelings, and transforms them into monsters of cruelty. Whether it be a dread of invasion and interference, as in the case of the French Revolution, or a belief that the doctors are poisoning the wells, as in that of the cholera of 1833 at St Petersburg, or an apprehension that the popular creed is to be put in danger, as in this instance, the phenomena are precisely similar, being only of course liable to be modified by the degree of civilisation attained, and other collateral circumstances. Such affairs really present themselves to us with all the features of an *infectious disease*, and they can justly be considered in no other light. The committers of the outrages are the same men as they wont to be in a certain sense. To all intents and purposes they are changed men, being for the time maniacs. After the dread of the Duke of Brunswick's army was past, the Parisians who had butchered the aristocrats in prison and strung them upon lamp-ropes in the streets, were no more bloodthirsty than other people of their grade and education. So we verily believe will it be found regarding these wretched sepoys after their paroxysm is over. It will be very natural to give them such mercy as they gave; but we believe that to act in that way is much less demanded by any view of its necessity for the future safety of the Indian empire, than men in the excitement of the time will be willing to allow. Most probably, once recovered from the fit, the sepoys will generally become as sensible of their error, and as much disposed to condemn themselves, as we are.

What is *rationally* required of the superior people in this case is to study the nature of the feelings which have been wrought upon, and take measures for, if possible, preventing any groundless panic being spread in future. If it be impossible either to extinguish the

sensitivity, or avoid exciting it, then the only course that remains is, that we be constantly on our guard with a sufficient proportion of European forces to suppress outbreak when it takes place.

A STEERAGE PASSENGER'S VIEW OF SYDNEY.

JOHN ASKEW, a steerage passenger, has favoured the world with a description, drawn from personal observation, of Australia and New Zealand; and, upon the whole, the world is much obliged to him.* The world consists, in great part, of steerage passengers, who are not much taken with the books of scientific voyagers, geographers, ethnologists, political economists; and as for the books of unlearned cabin passengers, the only distinction they present is, that the personages they describe belong exclusively to the cabin, and are therefore removed, by a certain number of feet, from the main-deck, from the sympathies of the steerage. John Askew is much interested in a fat man and his wife who were *always* asleep on the deck under the lee of the long-boat; and in Mother Gibson, who never ceased calling to her darling boy, 'George, you little rascal, God bless your little soul!' Now, a cabin passenger would tell us of Colonel Smith and his penchant for cigars and claret; and of the Hon. Mr Brown and his wonderful aptness at a pun, and politeness to the ladies. There is not much difference. Still, we own to a leaning towards the steerage. John Askew, in spite of his name, looks straight forward, and tells us what he sees; he is not fettered by rules of art, and cares not a straw about the harmony of his colours, provided they are the colours actually before him. A writer like this we rely upon. He is worth fifty of your more amusing, imaginative tourists—such as the musical *artiste*, who some years ago, by his misrepresentations of Sydney in these pages, placed us in so false a position towards the inhabitants. By the way, this is a fortunate thought; it suggests to us the propriety of taking the present opportunity of making the *amende honorable* to that injured city by giving John Askew's steerage view of it, to be placed in juxtaposition with the caricature of Mishka Hauser, who was doubtless a cabin passenger.

And the opportunity is a good one, for the description given a picture to the mind's eye, which is not always to be said of more ambitious pen-and-ink sketches. Skirting along the entrance to Botany Bay, and soon after diving from the main ocean into the inlet between the North and South Heads, which are about a mile apart, our voyager might have fancied himself in a new world, peopled by the phantoms of memory, stalking along the spicy shore,

Alone, unfriended, melancholy, slow—

some tender cracksman or pensive pickpocket—

Doomed the far isles of Sydney Cove to see,
The martyr of his crimes, but true to thee!

From this inlet, called the North Harbour, a comparatively narrow channel leads into the main harbour, which is a perfect paradise of beauty. Then are seen white cottages and gardens, then suburban villas in the midst of orange-groves and hanging vines, and then—at a distance of seven miles from the sea—the 'City of a hundred Coves'—no vulgar allusions, sir!—her buildings rising amphitheatrically, and, towering above them all, the lofty spire of St James's, which, as Mr Askew remarks, 'makes a beautiful finish heavenward.'

Gliding along these enchanted waters, were pleasure-boats full of elegantly dressed people—the cabin

passengers of holiday; playing on the green sward, and appearing and vanishing among the rocks were 'healthy-looking children' (meaning sweet cherubs); and every now and then, on rounding some swelling point, a group of young ladies, attended by their servants, would present themselves, fishing in gay skiffs near the water-gates of their houses.

Sydney, according to our steerage passenger, is one of the cleanest and healthiest cities in the world. It has a natural drainage of the most perfect kind. Some of its streets are cut out of the sandstone rock on which it is founded; and some of the houses are reached by flights of steps constructed in the same manner. The shops, more especially in Pitt Street, are splendid establishments. Another street is three miles long, another two; and another, the third in point of length, is further distinguished by its troops of dogs—the miserable turnspit, the ferocious mastiff, bull, kangaroo, and Newfoundland, besides a mongrel breed that roam at large owned by no one. Happily for the inhabitants, hydrophobia is unknown in Australia, or the consequences might be serious before so great an army of the carnivora could be annihilated. Goats, likewise, are very numerous and very advantageous favourites; for they give their owners milk, and find themselves. Sydney has of course its West End, with buildings four stories in height and in the Italian style. 'The best time to see this neighbourhood in all its glory, is on a summer's evening, about an hour after sunset, when the drawing-rooms are in a blaze of light. Then the rich tones of the piano, or some other musical instrument, are heard gushing forth from the open windows, accompanied by the sweet melody of female voices, plaintive, or lively, blending in the general harmony. Beautiful ladies, dressed in white, may be seen sitting upon the verandahs, or lounging on magnificent couches, partially concealed by the folds of rich crimson curtains, in drawing-rooms which display all the luxurious comforts and magnificence of the east, intermingled with the elegant utilities of the west. Scenes like these greet the spectator at every step; and they are "ever changing, ever new." Fairy-like forms flit before the light, affording now and then a moment's pleasure by a glimpse of their lovely features ere they disappear. And the lightly sounding footfall and the merry laughter of happy children, add still more to the pleasing variety of sounds which float upon the evening breeze.'

Within this city there is a working-man's city, not its least interesting portion. It is about a mile long, half a mile in breadth, and the ground was sold in small sections for the houses of operatives. These dwellings are built of brick, and are two stories high; 'and their occupiers vie with each other in keeping them clean and in good order.' Some working-men possess three or four of these houses besides their own; and the whole property represents savings made by the operative classes.

The theatre, desecrated by our wicked fiddler, is in reality very handsomely fitted up; and the performance on the stage would, in John Askew's opinion, do no discredit to the boards of the best of our metropolitan houses. There are likewise two circuses, a menagerie, two museums, &c. But the most numerous and most questionable places of public amusement are the free concerts at all the second-rate inns. The free luncheons at these places are a less intelligible kind of liberality. 'A little before eleven A.M., there is a table laid out in one of the principal public rooms, with joints of cold meat, radishes, pickles, cheese, and bread and butter, and it remains there till nearly one P.M. Any person entering the house during this time—if he only want a single glass of ale—is entitled to sit down and partake of anything upon the table, free of charge.' The botanic gardens stand in excellent contrast with such establishments; and they have two

* *A Voyage to Australia and New Zealand.* By a Steerage Passenger, John Askew. London: Simpkin and Marshall. 1837.

peculiarities worth noticing—they are resorted to in the glaring and sultry days of summer by the sedentary needlewomen, who work under the grateful shadow of the Norfolk Island pines; and the lectures on botany are attended chiefly by young women. But the young women of Sydney read novels as well as study botany, as we find incidentally by one of those nice little bits of description in which our steerage passenger excels: 'The lower garden descends with a gentle slope to the top of a beautiful bay which forms that part of the harbour between Dawe's Battery and Lady Macquarie's Chair. The head of this bay is formed into a semicircle by a low breastwork of masonry, the top of which is on a level with the garden, and is covered by a continuation of greensward. A few feet in the rear of this wall is a broad gravel-walk, the length of the semicircle, which winds delightfully past little hills and knolls beautified with trees, or under the shade of projecting rocks where seats are placed for the visitors. One of these seats is called Lady Macquarie's Chair. It is overshadowed by a fig-tree, and is much resorted to by the novel-reading section of the community. At full tide, the waters of the bay are level with the lower part of the garden, and sometimes they ripple a few feet over the greensward. This charming spot is much frequented by all classes on the Sunday afternoons, and the view from the bay, which takes in the whole of the gardens, is most picturesque.'

Our readers will now have seen that, so far as one can judge from externals, there is a good deal of refinement and elegance about Sydney; but there is one dark spot in its character—the attachment of the masses to excessive drinking—which is not the less lamentable that it identifies the offshoot with the parent community. The consequences, our voyager tells us, 'of this inordinate drinking, are heart-disease, delirium tremens, and madness, to an appalling extent.' But strange to say, the vice does not seem as yet to be attended with the economical evils which in the old country follow like its shadow. 'With all this drinking, there is very little distress or poverty. I did not see a single instance of that lamentable pauperism commonly met with at home, when a family of children have been deprived of either of their parents. There are no poor-rates or union workhouses. If a person having a family, be sick, his wife can earn as much by washing or sewing, as will supply all the domestic wants till he is better. Should husband and wife both be ill at one time, their case is soon known, and their wants are supplied by voluntary contributions. And if a person died, leaving no effects behind him, he would be buried by public subscription.' This shews that the new community is in that happy state when as yet population does not 'press upon the means of subsistence.' It is to be hoped that before the day of doom arrives, the refinement of the other classes may have spread downwards, and so disarmed it of one-half its terrors.

PROPOSAL FOR A TEMPORARY OBSERVATORY.

Professor Piazzi Smyth has included in the *Astronomical Observations made at the Royal Observatory, Edinburgh*, recently printed, a proposal of a novel kind. He considers that, without taking account of clouds or other impediments, the smaller undulations of the atmosphere alone, even when all is clear and tranquil to the naked eye, are sufficient of themselves almost to neutralise the utility of the reflecting telescope, and that the obstruction is still greater in a large than in a small apparatus. Newton recommended that to avoid these undulations, the telescope should be raised above the grosser parts of the atmosphere, by being placed on a high mountain; but so far from this being attended to, we find observatories, as if by some fatality, situated in the depths of valleys, and frequently

buried in the smoke of towns. What the Scottish Astronomer Royal proposes is, not to remove the Observatory from Edinburgh permanently, or at all; but merely to establish a temporary observing station for the summer months, in some lofty locality. During these summer months, he enjoys a vacation from his duties at the university; and they are precisely the season when, in Scotland, clouds and prolonged twilight render observations, especially with the equatorial, almost useless. With this instrument alone, on a high southern mountain, 'he would, in fact, be able to make more observations, and each of them of surpassing excellence, than in a whole year in Edinburgh.' The mountain he proposes is the Peak of Teneriffe, which he has already visited, 12,200 feet high, and only a week's voyage from England due south. 'A sufficiently large plateau exists at the height of 11,000 feet, and is stated to be clear of cloud during the summer; while, if one observation of Humboldt's can be depended on, the air is then more transparent than at the same height on either the Alps or the Andes.'

I N L O V I N G T H E E.

As shadows fall from linden trees,
Old Madge, with eye of gray,
Through a quaint and gabled mansion,
Now slowly leads the way :
And she murmurs to the lady,
Whose bright hair floweth free,
As soft she opes the dim oak-door:
'He died in loving thee.'

The lady's lord hath followed close
Where, redd'ning out the gloom
The sunset fills, with faces pale,
A strange old-painted room.
'Now, Edith fair, thy wish is thine,
Thy wish once more to see
The dreaming artist-lad's wild home,
Who died in loving thee.'

The lady's face grows very pale,
Her blue eyes fill with tears—
She thinks of one now gone before,
The one of olden years :
The haunting Past, like great joys fled,
Which never more may be,
Steals round the heart that echoes sad,
'Who died in loving thee.'

On easel rests the canvas still,
The dress of velvet there,
Down where the lad hath often kept
His vigil of despair.
All seems the same, save that the dust
Lies o'er the tracing free—
'Dust !' whispers Madge, 'like his great heart,
Who died in loving thee.'

The lady's lord from canvas tears
Its tattered eaten screen,
And soft stands out an angel face,
Caught from some angel-dream.
Around the head a golden light
Is playing full and free—
'Thy face, by him !' my lord hath cried,
'Who died in loving thee.'

'O God, my heart !' Old Madge hath caught,
With still and bated breath,
My lady's form—the shade that comes,
She knows is that of death.
'The haunting Past, like great joys fled,
Which never more may be,
Hath broke her heart,' sighs pale old Madge ;
'She died in loving thee.'

SHADOW.